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If the unknown soldier of all time were to speak, 1929.

.....
"IF THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER OF
ALL TIMES WERE TO SPEAK."

RABBI ABBA HILLEL SILVER,
THE TEMPLE, SUNDAY MORNING,
NOVEMBER 10, 1929, CLEVELAND.



It is fitting, my friends, that we have an annual Armistice Day to cause us to remember the last war, for as we recede from it, in time we are likely to recede from it in our true emotional reaction towards it. As the years go by we are likely to see more and more the glamorous side of the war rather than its cold, brutal reality. Our memories of it grow dim; the dimmer they become the more likely are we to substitute in our own mind pleasant illusions about it for the unpleasant facts. The mind of man has a tendency to run away from unpleasant realities and to substitute, quite unconsciously, warm and comforting illusions for what we once upon a time called stark, unpleasant realities. That is why history is so often a distortion of facts.

I sometimes think that all the mythology which the mind of man created in all the past ages were so many unconscious attempts on the part of man to escape the all too-bigness and the all too-hardness of life and death and destiny. That is why nearly all the literature about war,--prose and poetry, the epic, the ballad, the sonnet,--nearly all the literature that man wrote about war in the past dwelt upon the chivalry, the valor, the pageantry, the glory, and very little dwelt upon its real character, its beastliness, its insensate stupidity, cruelty, meanness. That is not literature. It is simply

another evidence of the desire of man to run away from reality, to seek refuge in self-delusion.

Even our soldiers who went through the last war and experienced all the ghastliness of the trenches and came back thoroughly disgusted in this illusion, even they, when they assemble today, scarcely ten years after the war, at federations, conventions or similar assemblies, look back upon the war with a certain pride, a nostalgia, swap yarns about it, sing the old time war songs with a certain zest and merriment, as if it were all a lark and not at all the grim, ghastly thing it really was. If men would remember the truth, instead of substituting fictions and fancies for truth, these ex-soldiers would be today the real crusaders for peace and disarmament. In reality, ex-soldiers organizations the world over are the hot beds of national chauvinism and opposition to disarmament; for when ex-soldiers think back upon the war to which they had gone, their minds deliberately refuse to dwell upon the unpleasant experiences of that war, which at that time caused them to become bitter and resentful and rebellious. Their minds refuse to dwell upon the drill and the miserable subservience demanded by the military discipline, and the crushing monotony of it all. Their minds refuse to dwell upon the things they knew and experienced at the front,--the cold and the fatigue and the dirt and the vermin, the poison gas and the hospital smells. Rather

do their minds dwell - and again I say unconsciously - upon the few pleasant experiences which they knew in the war,--a bit of glamour, a bit of color, the parade, the camaraderie, of buddies in the army, or the echo and remembrance of a certain freedom from restraint of conventions which they enjoyed. These few, pitifully few pleasant experiences their minds will recall and embellish, and as time widens the gulf between themselves and the actual war, this embellishment formulates and expands until it becomes altogether unreal and fantastic.

And that is true also of the civilian who knew the war. I hear men and women today speak frequently about the spiritual uplift which they experienced during the war, of how the war raised them to a higher pitch of living and thinking, of how the war merged all peoples and made them forget their differences and race and religion in the one great common national service. But we do not hear men and women today speak as often of the miserable madness and hysteria of the last war which we civilians knew and experienced; of the suppression of free speech and free opinion, of the heresy of it; of the miserable profiteering which went on, and of the deluge of intolerance and prejudice which followed directly in the wake of the war. And here again that is not done deliberately at all. Again the minds of men wish to shut out the unpleasantness and substitute

for the unpleasantness some unreal fantasm which is pleasant and comforting.

So it is well that we have an Armistice Day to remind us of what war really is; and it is particularly important that we have these Armistice Days, my friends, because a new generation is growing up which does not even know as much of the war as the ex-soldiers or as the civilians of our age knew of it. And it is eleven years now since the signing of the Armistice; it is twelve and a half years since America entered the war; it is fifteen years now since the World War began. A young man who is twenty-five years old today was only ten years old when the war broke out; a young man or woman who is twenty-one years old today was only six years old when the World War broke.

Now what can they know of the last war? Their knowledge is only gained, or can be gained only from hearsay or report or book; not from personal ^{contact and} experience, and they therefore are in danger, especially they are in danger of falling under the spell of war romanticism, just as their young brothers and sisters of every generation since the beginning of time, if you will, fell victim to that spell. They are likely to think of war, as young people frequently think of it, in terms of cheering crowds and bands and flying banners and beautiful uniforms and all that gay paraphernalia in which the angel of death and destruction, which is war, clothes

himself; and because they are young, and because they are idealistic, and because they do not know the mean, cruel, cynical ways of the world, they, this rising generation of ours, are again likely to be victimized by the slogans and the appeals to their patriotism made by political charlatans.

It is much easier to incite a war spirit among the young than among the old, especially if the old happen to have been through a war, and the scheming war makers know it, and so they bide their time until a new generation has come up which did not know the last war, before they embark their country upon a new war; and so it is of utmost importance that these young men and women of the new generation shall not be reminded but educated what war really is. They should be taught that the causes of war in most every instance are not noble ideals but beastly selfishness and greed, and that the nature of war is not illustrious or noble but brutal and coarse and ugly, and that the consequences of war are not triumph and victory but defeat for everyone concerned, victor and vanquished alike.

This last war for the first time in the history of civilization produced an honest literature about war. The catastrophe was so vast, so crushing, so dumbfounding, so uprooting, that the real artist could no longer be satisfied in weaving a web of glamorous sentimentality about war, but actually wrote down for the

future salvation of mankind the real story of what war is. And I would place in the hands of every high school boy and girl, and of every collegeboy and girl, one or more of these classics of war, so that they may know and understand what it is when men speak of war.

I would place in the hands of every one of the rising generation of Americans, or Germans, or Frenchmen, or Englishmen, Theodore Barbusse's "Under Fire"; Latsko's "Men in War"; Arnold Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa"; Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front"; Sheriff's "Journey's End"; Anderson and Stallings "What Price Glory." So that they would have not a fantastic picture of war but a real one. And along with these books I would place before them some accurate, scientific studies of the causes of the last war and its consequences, so that they may know what is really back of war and what really comes out of war.

In reading the newer literature about war one becomes aware of a very significant departure. Nearly all these great books tell the story of the private, the common, the unknown soldier. Now in the last ten thousand wars of mankind the common soldier counted for nothing. He was an item in the war, like a bayonet, or a horse, or a pound of provisions. He was worth much less than a horse or a cannon. He was necessary, but so was the horse necessary. War was the business of captains and generals and statesmen. The common soldier, the

private, was not supposed to have any thought, motion or ideas which he ought to make or suggest. But in this last war, strange to say, the world seems to have discovered the common soldier, the unknown soldier, and great nations vied with one another to erect their costliest monuments, not to generals but to the unknown soldier,--the Poila, the Fritz, the Tommy, the Sammy. They seem to have come on the front page of war.

Now what happened? In the first place, I suspect that the great nations of the world have begun to fear the Poila, the Fritz, the doughboy. They have begun to suspect that he has begun to think for the first time, and because he has begun to think he has to be propitiated. There used to be a time when the czar of Russia could say, "I am going to fight this war until my last moujik is killed," never taking the trouble to ask whether his last moujik is willing to die for him.

But today in the countries of the world, even in Russia, the common soldier has become much more cunning, much more knowing, much more suspicious about the infallibility of his superior officers, much more cynical about their manifestoes and pronouncements and proclamations; and so the nations of the world have begun, through fear, to make a greater ado about the unknown soldier, alive or dead. Literature, however, turned to the unknown soldier because after all it is in him, in the plain, private soldier, that the war, the real

pathos and tragedy of war and its ultimate bankruptcy are most startlingly revealed.

If you want to understand the real stupidity of war, you can do so by studying the life and the emotion of the common soldier in war time; for, after all, he stands to lose whatever happens. He did not want the war; he did not know it was even coming on until it was on top of him; he really does not know what it is all about. Some hand seized him, the grim hand of authority grabbed hold of him and tore him, pried him loose from his home, from his job, from his little world of friends, of interests, his small ambitions, his many enjoyments, his life,--tore him suddenly loose from that world, placed him in a barracks, regimented him, drilled him into a machine, and then threw him into filthy, stinking trenches to be shot at, to be gassed, to be mutilated by people whom he didn't know, whom he didn't hate, or to kill people on the other side of the trenches whom he didn't know, whom he didn't hate, particularly; and when the war is over, if he has survived, he is sent back, estranged and uprooted from his native environment, sent back to his home to take up the broken threads of his life, and still not knowing what it was all about, what the victory means, what he gained in this war. And from the graves of ten millions of such unknown soldiers, to this day, the unanswered query is heard: "Why?" And in the mouths of twenty millions of maimed, legless, armless,

blinded common soldiers this query is echoed to this day:
"Why? Why?"

Now the men at the top, the captains and the generals and the statesmen and the politicians and the patriotic industrialists, they get something out of war. Their ambition is realized, careers advanced, a sense of power experienced, money made. What did the plain, common, unknown soldier get out of it? What does it mean to him? Why, fighting for his country. What is this country? Really, when the ordinary man thinks of his country, what does he think of? Why, he thinks of his little home, of his job, the people he knows, perhaps a little plot of ground which is his garden. That is his country, and in his heart of heart he knows that the man whom he has been taught to call his enemy does not want to deprive him of that.

That is why this latest of books on the war,--"All Quiet on the Western Front," is such a poignant, such a sad, such a heart-breaking classic of war. The hero of the book is just a lad, a school boy. In the last days of the war, when Germany hasn't man power enough, she must draw upon school boys. The hero is a lad who lives in his world, as every boy, school boy, lives in a world of his own,--a world of school mates, of books, of friendships, of families, of tender hopes and ideals and ambitions,--like your boy; and suddenly this boy is taken by the hand of authority, torn loose

from his native mooring, from his world in which his soul was growing and expanding, and placed in a soldiers' barracks, where he is trained in a brutal Prussian military discipline, where all his finer sensibilities are stamped upon, trampled under foot and coarsened, where all his higher standards are violated; and from there he is taken and thrown into that seething hell of the front, where the real beastliness of human nature is laid bare to him, and all the degradation of which man is capable is revealed to his eyes,--the cheapening of human life, and there his nerves are broken and shattered by what he sees and by what he hears, by what he experiences, and there he is taught how soldiers can escape the strain and stress of war only by sinking into the cesspool of sex indulgence; and from there he is sent back to his home on a furlough, and he realizes tragically enough his world no longer exists. It has disappeared; he does not belong; he can't fit in. And back again he returns to the trenches, there to suffer and to grow weary and to become physically and spiritually exhausted, until he is beaten down, blasted into death, unnoticed, unknown, while the army report reads, "All quiet on the Western front."

The remarkable thing about this book is not so much the frightfully true description of the war he gives,--the war is seen not by the man who sits in the swivel chair back home, but the war is known as it bites

itself into the mind and consciousness of the soldier in the front line trenches,--the remarkable thing about this book is the portrayal of the reactions of such a war, with its excitation and its/over-stimulus and its brutality, upon the soul and the mentality and the fine sensibilities of the human being; how it devastates everything that civilization holds precious and worthwhile.

Writes this lad: "It is strange to think that at home in the drawer of my writing table there lies the beginning of a play called 'Saul' and a bundle of poems. Many an evening I have worked over them - we all did something of the kind - but that has become so unreal to me that I cannot comprehend it any more. Our early life is cut off from the moment we came here, and that without our lifting a hand. We often try to look back on it and to find an explanation, but never quite succeed. For us young men of twenty everything is extraordinarily vague. All the older men are linked up with their previous life. They have wives, children, occupations, and interests, they have a background which is so strong that the war cannot obliterate it. We young men of twenty, however, have only our parents, and some, perhaps, a girl. Besides this there was little else,-- some enthusiasm, a few hobbies, and our school. Beyond this our life did not extend. And of this nothing remains.

"My friend would say that we stood on the

threshold of life. And so it would seem. We had as yet taken no root. The war swept us away. For the others, the older men, it is but an interruption. They are able to think beyond it. We, however, have been gripped by it and do not know what the end may be. We know only that in some strange and melancholy way we have become a waste land." We have become a waste land.

Again, he writes: "Once it was different. When we went to the District Commandant to enlist, we were a class of twenty young men, many of whom proudly shaved for the first time before going to the barracks. We had no definite plans for our future. Our thoughts of a career and occupation were as yet of too unpractical a character to furnish any scheme of life. We were still crammed full of vague ideas which gave to life, and to the war also, an ideal and almost romantic character. We were trained in the army for ten weeks and in this time more profoundly influenced than by ten years at school. We learned that a bright button is weightier than four volumes of Schopenhauer. At first astonished, then embittered, and finally indifferent, we recognized that what matters is not the mind but the boot brush, not intelligence but the system, not freedom but drill. We became soldiers with eagerness and enthusiasm, but they have done everything to knock that out of us. After three weeks it was no longer incomprehensible to us that a braided postman should

have more authority over us than had formerly our parents, our teachers, and the whole gamut of culture from Plato to Goethe. With our young, awakened eyes we saw that the classical conception of the Fatherland held by our teachers resolved itself here into a renunciation of personality such as one would not ask of the meanest servant,--salutes, springing to attention, parade-marches, presenting arms, right wheel, left wheel, clicking the heels, insults, and a thousand pettifogging details. We had fancied our task would be different, only to find we were to be trained for heroism as though we were circus-ponies."

And again: "We agree that it is the same for everyone, not only for us here but everywhere, for everyone of our age, some more and to others less. It is the common fate of our generation. This war has ruined us for everything. We are youth no longer. We do not want to take the world by storm. We are fleeing; we fly from ourselves, from our life. We were eighteen and had begun to love life and the world, and we had to shoot it to pieces. The first bomb, the first explosion, burst in our hearts. We are cut off from activity, from striving, from progress. We believe in such things no longer."

And here is just one brief picture of how the war looked to the young boys who were sent into it: "Suddenly the shelling begins to pound again. Soon we are sitting up once more with the rigid tenseness of

blank anticipation. Attack, counter-attack, charge, repulse,--these are words, but what things they signify! We have lost a good many men, mostly recruits. Reinforcements have again been sent up to our sector. It is one of the new regiments, composed of young fellows called up during the last year. They have had hardly any training, and are sent into the field with only a theoretical knowledge. They do know what a hand-grenade is, it is true, but they have very little idea of cover, and what is most important of all, have no eye for it. A fold in the ground has to be quite eighteen inches high before they can see it.

"Although we need reinforcement, the recruits give us almost more trouble than they are worth. They are helpless in this grim fighting area, they fall like flies. The present method of fighting from posts demands knowledge and experience. The young recruits of course know none of these things. They get killed simply because they can hardly tell shrapnel from high-explosives, they are mown down because they are listening anxiously to the roar of the big coal-boxes falling far in the rear, and miss the light, piping whistle of the low spreading little daisy-cutters. They flock together like sheep instead of scattering, and even the wounded are shot down like hares by the airmen.

"Their pale turnip faces, their pitiful clenched hands, the miserable courage of these poor

brave devils, who are so terrified that they dare not cry out loudly, but with battered chests and torn bellies and arms and legs only whimper softly for their mothers and cease as soon as one looks at them. Their sharp, downy, dead faces have the awful expressionlessness of dead children.

"It brings a lump into the throat to see how they go over, and run and fall. They wear grey coats and trousers and boots, but for the most of them the uniform is far too big, it hangs on their limbs, their shoulders are too narrow, their bodies too slight; no uniform was ever made to these childish measurements. Between five and ten recruits fall to every old hand."

And lastly: "Had we returned home out of the suffering and the strength of our experiences we might have unleashed a storm. Now if we go back we will be weary, broken, burnt out, rootless, and without hope. We will not be able to find our way any more. And men will not understand us -- for the generation that grew up before us, though it has passed these years with us here, already had a home and a calling; now it will return to its old occupations, and the war will be forgotten -- and the generation that has grown up after us will be strange to us and push us aside. We will be superfluous even to ourselves, we will grow older, a few will adapt themselves, some others will merely submit, and most will be bewildered; the years will pass

by and in the end we shall fall into ruin."

This is war, and this is the kind of food with which I would feed the imagination of the rising generation; for we are still, my friends, in the midst of an Armistice and not in the midst of peace.

I do not wish to underestimate the truly significant strides which have been made in the last ten years in behalf of peace, particularly the remarkable strides which were made during the past year. The signing of the Kellogg Treaty, the final drafting of the Young plan for the liquidation of the financial problems of the war, and more especially the real, earnest desire expressed by the great spokesman of Great Britain on his visit to the United States, Ramsay MacDonald, that peace shall be permanently established,--all these are, to my mind, very real and very hopeful signs that mankind is advancing away from war and towards peace.

But here again we must not be romanticists, we must not permit our illusions or our hopes to run away with us. The world is still in the snare and the net of war and war machinery, and the war psychology, and the legacy of the past war is still with us. The nations of the world still spend 4 thousand and 300 millions of dollars annually on their armies and their navies, and our own country still expends some 880 millions of dollars annually on war, preparation for war, paying the bills of war; and the disconcerting fact is that Great Britain

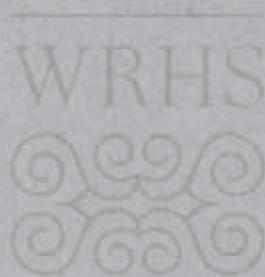
today is spending more on its armament than in 1913¹, and that the United States is spending today twice as much on its armament than it did in 1913.

Now armament ultimately leads to war. That is the fact; all else is fiction and propaganda; and the greater the armaments of the nations the more likelihood is the possibility of war. Now there is a real desire on the part of nations today to limit their armament. That desire has to be fed and stimulated. Disarmament will not come about easily. If you have any doubt about it, think back to the investigations which our Senate made recently about the lobbying of the ship-builders and ship owners against naval disarmament, and you will understand what formidable foes peace lovers of all peoples will have to encounter before there takes place any appreciable reduction in armament.

So this Armistice Day, my friends, is a call to every lover of peace and progress, to every man who has heard the unknown soldier speak and who has not forgotten, to every man who wishes that there shall be quiet on the Western Front forever after, that these vain and pitiful sacrifices of God's beautiful children shall not have to be made again. There is a challenge in this Armistice Day to every thoughtful man and woman to proceed to educate, to educate themselves and educate their children into thinking peace, speaking peace, wanting peace. The school, the home, the church, the

press, every agency, must devote itself constructively and deliberately and consistently to the task of creating a peace scheme, a peace psychology, a peace frame of mind, a peace ideal, so that war will be looked upon by the rising generation as something atavistic, something primitive, something so ugly and despicable that they will instinctively react from it.

That is the great task of the next decade, and that is the sermon which the unknown soldier in his unknown grave preaches on this day.



sermon 307

The TEMPLE BULLETIN



THE TEMPLE
East 105th St. and Ansel Rd.
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Abba Hillel Silver, D.D.
RABBI

Rabbi Leon I. Feuer
Minister of Religious Education

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1929

RABBI SILVER

will speak on

**"If the Unknown Soldier of All
Times Were to Speak"**
AN ARMISTICE DAY ADDRESS

Friday Evening Service
5:30 to 6:10

Saturday Morning Service
11:20 to 12:00

PLEASE READ YOUR BULLETIN REGULARLY

Hebrew - ~~the~~ Jewish thought in the
Ancient World

The Temple Bulletin, published weekly from the middle of September to June, by Tifereth Israel Congregation, E. 105th Street at Ansel Road, Cleveland, Ohio. E. E. Wolf, Pres.; Emanuel Einstein, Treas.; Rabbi Leon I. Feuer, Editor. Subscription price, 50 cents per annum.

Entered as second-class matter, Dec. 11, 1925, at the Post office at Cleveland, Ohio, under the act of March 3, 1879.

Music for Sunday, November 10th

Organ

Prelude (10:15 A. M.)

March in F minorGuilmant

En Mer (On the Sea)Holmes

Isthar (A Tone Poem) Stoughton

Postlude

Prelude and Fugue in E Minor . .

.....Bach

Paul Allen Beymer

Anthems

O Lord God to Whom Venge-

ance BelongethNevin

Recessionalde Koven

The Opening Service

The Sunday morning services for the new season opened most auspiciously last Sunday with a congregation which filled the Temple. This service marked the beginning of the thirteenth season of Sunday morning services conducted by Rabbi Silver.

Next Sunday morning in celebration of Armistice Day Rabbi Silver will speak on the significance of the recent efforts towards international peace, especially the visit of Prime Minister James Ramsey MacDonald to America.

May we again ask our members to be in their pews before 10:30, to occupy their own pews and to bring their prayer books.

The doors of the Temple open at 10:00 o'clock and will be closed promptly at 11:00.

Friday Evening at the Temple

More and more members are coming to welcome the quiet hour of prayer, meditation and song which ushers in the Sabbath at the Temple.

This service is held every Friday from 5:30 to 6:10 P. M. We urge upon parents to arrange to meet their children at this service, which is both beautiful and inspiring.

Armistice Day Celebration

Under the auspices of the Citizen's Committee of Catholics, Jews and Protestants, of which Rabbi Silver is chairman, an Armistice Day Celebration will be held on Monday morning, November 11th from 11:45 to 12:45 at the Keith Palace Theatre.

The Honorable Newton D. Baker will speak on "Preparedness for War and for Peace."

There will be music by the Glenville Choral Club.

Every member of the Temple is cordially invited to attend this celebration.

Standing Room Only at Opening Lecture

A capacity audience which filled Mahler Hall, with no seats available for many others, greeted Dr. E. A. Bott of the University of Toronto on the opening night of the Temple Monday Evening Lecture Course on "Psychology for the Layman". It was a fine and unusual audience and was rewarded by a thoughtful and scholarly introduction to the subject of psychology.

The second lecture on the course will be delivered by Dr. Eliot W. Hutchinson, Head of the Department of Psychology at the University of Rochester, a thoughtful scholar and at the same time a convincing lecturer.

Temple Religious School

Report for Week.

Total enrollment, including the High School, 1,333.

Number of pupils, kindergarten to 9th grade, inclusive, 1,174.

Average attendance for the week, 95½%.

The following classes had 100% attendance: Kg. B., Miss Pikkell; 2B, Miss Gup; 2C, Miss Grodin; 3A, 3B, Miss Baum; 3D, Miss Savlan; 3E, 3F, Miss Curtis; 4D, Miss Bremson; 4E, 4F, Miss Bernstein; 5A, Mr. Kane; 5E, Mrs. Coblitz; 7E, Mr. Hausman; 8C, Miss Fink; 8D, Mrs. Rettenberg; 9B, Mr. Lamdin; 9C, Miss Krause; 9D, Mrs. Blum; 9F, Miss Rubin.

The Temple Women's Association

A unique and interesting program of music and dramatic readings will be presented at the first of a series of teas to be given by the Temple Women's Association for its members old and new, in the parlor of the Temple, Friday, November 8th, at 3 P. M.

Mrs. Martin Heydemann will read the first act of a new play built on a Jewish theme.

Mrs. Rose H. Widder, well known pianist, will render compositions by Schumann, Liszt, Mendelssohn, MacDowell and Chopin.

The Temple Wishes to Acknowledge with Thanks the Following Contributions:

To the Floral Fund

Mrs. Frances Willner

In memory of Moses Willner

Mr. and Mrs. Abram B.

In memory of Edwin H. Weil

Efroymsen

To the Library Fund

Amy and Arnold J. Seidman

In memory of brother, Morton Seidman

Mr. and Mrs. Sidney N. Weitz.

In memory of Helen Goodman Altman

Mr. and Mrs. Max S. Fishel,

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Bern-

stein, Mr. and Mrs. Jos.

Guggenheim, Mr. and Mrs.

M. F. Bruml, Mesdames

H. Schwartzberg, W.

M. Bassichis, Jacob Firth

and Miss Cora Fuldheim.

In memory of Constance Kohn

To the Scholarship Fund

Mrs. Bessie Einstein

In memory of mother, Hannah Strauss and Mr. Magnus Shrier

Miss Flora Rohrheimer

In memory of Mr. Sam Freedman

Mrs. Lena Fellingner

In memory of Mrs. Newitter and Adolph Rigelhaupt

Marjorie and Elaine Weiss

and Buddy and Jimmie

Benjamin

In memory of father, Michael M. Levison

Mrs. Fannie L. Morris and

Miss Minnie Levison

In memory of Sheldon H. Miller

Mrs. Clara Werner and Mrs.

J. H. Tyroler

In memory of Mr. Louis Koblitz

In Memoriam

We record with deep sorrow the death of MR. JOSEPH A. KLEIN during the past week and extend the condolences of the Congregation to the bereaved family.

1. It is fitting - as we recede - linger on glamorous
- ① Mankind prone to substitute
 - ② This is why History
 - ③ Mind of man - runs away -
 - ④ Mythologies - "all-too-bigness"
 - ⑤ Thus of all war literature
 - ⑥ Not deliberate - cold, stark reality
 - ⑦ Even the soldiers who were in last-Exp-
-ghostliness - disgusted, nostalgia -
 - ⑧ If men remembered - crusades -
 - ⑨ In when ex-soldiers think back, bitter & rebellious
- dull - cold - Few pleasant-Emblems
2. Time of Civilians - sp. uplift - not
deliberate - Forget what do not wish -
3. It is well to have armistice - a new generation
It is 11 years - their knowledge - spell
- paraphernalia - political charlatans -
earnies to foster war-spirit - war-makers
- ① It is these young men & women - educated
- Taught systematically cause, nation, consequence

1. It is fitting to speak of war + of honors, war at such re-
 current moments may - for as we need ^{from} the war, our memories
 of it grow dim. - And growing dim, ~~the~~ we ^{are} likely to
 judge on the glamorous and romantic ~~side~~, rather
 on the coarse, brute reality of it. Maundering is always prone
 to substitute a pleasant illusion for an unpleasant
 fact. That is why history is so frequently dis-
 torted. The mind of war always tries to run
 away from painful truth and unhappy memories.
 The many mythologies ~~and~~ which the mind, war
 has built for itself thru the ages are so many un-
 conscious attempts to escape, rather than to understand,
 the all-too-brief and the all-too-badness of life and
 death and destiny. Thus of all the literatures
 in your ^{world}, ~~and~~ epic is romance which has
 come down to us, nearly all, it is devoted
 to the chivalry, valor, loyalty and glory of war -
 and very little wedged to the grim sketch
~~of~~ brutality and visceral repulsivity of war. I don't
 think that this is at all deliberate Maundering
^{refuge} will run away from reality and seek
refuge in war illusions. Even soldiers who
war in the last war, + experienced all the horrors
 of the trenches, already and who returned from the
war, disgusted and disillusioned, now, not more
 7 10 years later, when they assemble ^{their} veterans
 speak with a certain pride and nostalgia of
 those happy days, ^{at the front} war years ago and
~~with~~ great zest and merrily - as if the war was a pleasant
 lark, and not the frightful horror that it really
 was. If men remembered, these Ex-soldiers
 would be to-day the real crusaders for peace and

disarmament. Instead, soldiers organizations all over the world, are the hot-bed of chauvinism and the arch-enemies of disarmament - For when ~~the~~ ^{these} soldiers think back over the war, their minds involuntarily refuse to dwell upon their miserable experiences of those years which at the time made them bitter and rebellious - (The daily) the blood routine, the utter subservience of military discipline, or the dangers of the front - the cold, the fatigue, the fear, the pitch and lice, the rain and latrines, the shells, ~~and~~ poison gas and hospitals. Their minds will fix upon the few pleasant sensations, ^{of which they experienced then} and ~~embellish~~ them, ^{and} this embellishment will pullulate and expand, ^{as the man sees} ~~as the man sees~~ the gulf between the ~~man~~ ^{man} & their war.

This is true also of the civilians who experienced the war behind the front. I have never speak to-day, of the spiritual uplift which they experienced during the war, & how the war raised even to a higher pitch of living and thinking, & how differences of race and class were forgotten in the common service. Rarely do I hear them refer to the war nostalgia and hysteria, to the suppressing of free speech and opinion, to the not domination ^{of the theory of hierarchy} ~~to~~ the unmistakable ^{the plain & expressive} ~~profit~~ ^{profit} ~~being~~ ^{being}, and to the defuse ~~of~~ ^{of} intolerance and prejudice which ~~flourished~~ ^{flourished} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ the wake of the war - This, again, is not done deliberately, simply, men forget what they do not wish to remember.

2. It is well that we have an annual anniversary
day to cause us to remember. This is ~~particularly~~ ^{especially}
important in view, the fact that a new generation
has now grown up that actually did not know
the war - It is 11 years now since the anniversary.
It is 12 1/2 yrs since we entered the war. It is
15 years since the host was put out. Men
who are 25 years old to-day were children
10 years old when we were by an ^{young} ~~man~~
woman who are 21 years old to-day - were
only 6 years old then. Their knowledge, the
war is not as a result of a personal experience.
What ~~can~~ they know, war? They are in
danger of falling prey to that same romantic
spell which all beginning and adven-
ture-loving youth of all past ages have succumbed
to. For they see many masses trooping
crowds, and flying banners, ^{beautiful uniforms} and regiments, and
show worship - and all the parade and
with which that age of death & destruction
has always draped himself. And here,
they are young ^{and inexperienced} ~~and inexperienced~~ in the ways of the
world, they are most easily victimized by clever
propagandists who invite them to war with
heroic slogans and by appeals to their patri-
stern and love of country. It is easy enough
for to foster a war spirit among young people
than among older people - and the same
war matters of all countries had their own

until a new generation has grown up
which did not ~~know~~ go thru a war,
When they embark their country upon
a fresh war -

3 It is these young men & women, today
who must be - not recruited - but selected with
the few ^{valuable} characters of war. They must be taught
systematically & continuously that the causes
of war are in almost every instance not
high ideals, but damnable selfish greed,
that the nature of war is not chivalrous, but
unspeakably cruel, mean and beastly
and that the consequences, war, are not
victory, but defeat economic & moral
for all concerned, victor & vanquished
alike.

3. This last war produced the first honest
literature about war. The tragedy was too
vast and ^{so important} ~~comprehending~~ that the trashy spirit
of the race finally decided to put away war
as it is for the future salvation of man-
kind. World War in the hands of every
high school & college boy and girl -
Bachmann - "Under fire" - Latzko's "Men in War" -
H. Zweig's - "The Case of Sergeant Jericho" -
Remarque's - "All Quiet on the Western Front" -
Sheriff's - "Johnny's End" - ~~the~~ "What
Understand
Stallings

live story" - so that they might have a ~~some~~
weight into the few notes I was. I would ^{also} have a
few of the outstanding Econ. Historical Studies, that
was ^{part of} ~~as to~~ ^{the} ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~real~~ ^{real}
causes of ~~consequence~~ ^{consequence} ~~modern~~ ^{modern} ~~war~~ ^{war}. I
would proceed systematically to "debut" the
romance, war.

4. A very significant ~~departure~~ ^{departure} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~our~~ ^{our} ~~notions~~ ^{notions}
in the literature ~~about~~ ^{about} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~last~~ ^{last} ~~war~~ ^{war} is
that it is built almost entirely around the
plain, common soldier. The unknown soldier
has ~~gradually~~ ^{gradually} ~~come~~ ^{come} ~~into~~ ^{into} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~own~~ ^{own} - In none of
the ~~10,000~~ ^{10,000} ~~preceding~~ ^{preceding} ~~years~~ ^{years} was any thing said about
the "unknown" soldier. He was just an ~~idea~~ ^{idea},
like a bayonet or a horse or a piece of
munition, he was ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~much~~ ^{much} ~~less~~ ^{less} ~~a~~ ^a
cannon, or a good rifle. He was a ~~member~~ ^{member}
was ~~belonged~~ ^{belonged} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~us~~ ^{us} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~troops~~ ^{troops}, ~~captains~~ ^{captains},
and ~~generals~~ ^{generals}, ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~common~~ ^{common} ~~idea~~ ^{idea} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~necessary~~ ^{necessary} ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~to~~ ^{to}
~~the~~ ^{the} ~~troops~~ ^{troops}. ~~Soldiers~~ ^{Soldiers} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~supposed~~ ^{supposed} ~~to~~ ^{to}
have ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~thoughts~~ ^{thoughts} ~~ideas~~ ^{ideas}, ~~emotions~~ ^{emotions} ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~could~~ ^{could}
~~not~~ ^{not} ~~articulate~~ ^{articulate}. And to ~~build~~ ^{build}
~~monuments~~ ^{monuments} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~him~~ ^{him}, ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~build~~ ^{build}
~~monuments~~ ^{monuments} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~even~~ ^{even} ~~discussed~~ ^{discussed} ~~to~~ ^{to}
any one. In this war, ~~nations~~ ^{nations} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~used~~ ^{used} ~~with~~ ^{with}
no another to ~~build~~ ^{build} ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~most~~ ^{most}
imposing monuments to the unknown
soldier - to the ~~fallen~~ ^{fallen} ~~Fritz~~ ^{Fritz} ~~Tommy~~ ^{Tommy}
to ~~himself~~ ^{himself} ~~what~~ ^{what} ~~happened~~ ^{happened}! The night ~~has~~ ^{has}
begun ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~press~~ ^{press} ~~Fritz~~ ^{Fritz}, ~~Tommy~~ ^{Tommy} ~~etc.~~ ^{etc.} They ~~traded~~ ^{traded}

him into the war - but they are afraid they may not
be able to do it as quickly as in the time. The
American soldier is no longer the dumb drunken
beast of previous wars. The Czar could say -
I shall fight until my last breath
is dead - without concerning the result.
But that was in Russia - the last outpost
of Medievalism - In the land the unknown
American soldier became ever cunning
and more knowing, more suspicious, his
superior and cynical about his own
infallibility. And so they have begun to
perpetrate him with praise and monu-
ments -

5. Whitaker turned to the unknown soldier
also a dead, but the artist saw in him
reflected the real drama of the present
pathos, the uttermost bankruptcy of war.
For in any and all epochs the struggle
lose He didn't want the war He didn't
plan it. He doesn't understand it. He doesn't
know why he should kill the man in the
Monte Monte, or what that man was
against him - He was seized by the
pierce grip of authority, dragged from
his home, his family, his field his
pen comrades His little world clashed
down upon him & dashed into dumb submission
& sent into battle to be mangled, & passed
at home, the hell of slaughter, the hell of the

Doesn't know why and when peace is declared
he is sent back to his home an estranged
& unsupported man, he still doesn't know
what it was all about, & what he has
suffered by his premature offerings -

And from to our part of such unknown
soldiers - this unaccounted query rises to
conspired a crazy world - Why? Why?
& so unlearned wounded soldiers, ~~and~~ blind,
armless, legless, lip-long invalids, echo
this cry - why? why?

6. The men at the top, the peace, the politicians
and statesman, the patriotic industrialist
has something to say - ^{propose} that now compensate
the emergencies (perhaps the destruction, profit,
~~the great~~ ambitions) advanced careers -
what ~~has~~ has the unknown soldier to gain?
No thing. Fighting for his country? What country?
Whis country - His country is his little world -
his man, his job, perhaps his little garden.
And as he heart & heart to know that ~~the~~
so-called business doesn't want to depart from
there - He feels himself carried along
helplessly in a wave of blind action and
movement, which finally engulfs him -

7. This is what makes 'all just' such a
poignant, sad, ^{heart-breaking} class of war - The hero
is just a cad - a ^{typical} school-boy, at home ~~and~~
at peace in his world of books, friendship - water

family, and the ~~hope~~ ^{wish, ~~several~~} ^(+ ~~under~~ ~~ideal~~) ⁷ ^{years}; And from
 that will be in touch by the hand of the people in the world
 in the broader world, the values, the principles, the standards
of morality broken down to pieces,
his standards violated, his whole social
life confused & disorganized. And then
sent to the front, to face with the best
of the front line troops - to usher the
Heart in man and war, the degradation
of human life, the cheapening of all fine
human values - to have his values
~~with~~ ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~to~~ ~~learn~~ ~~how~~ ~~man~~
to learn how man
to seek refuge from trauma in the
Prospect of our indifference - to be sent
back home as a prisoner & know
that he no longer belongs to that world.
that we can no longer put in to 50
back again - to suffer in any way,
& physically or psychologically to die,
to die, futilely, purposelessly, to find the
grave of our unborn children
while the army reports: 'All front
on the western front - (Read)

8. This is the first we should feed our
children - that they may know the truth
 ① We are still in the midst of an
annihilation. Peace is not set. Must

preparations have been made. Esp. this year -

- ① Army Plan adopted - program to be financed
- problem, war ② G. B. France withdraw
- troops ③ Peace Pact finally ratified ④ Madison
- naval disarmament -

⑤ Much more must be done. Used 140
billion 4,300 million in arms - Our own
country 880 million. J. M. Spend down on
armament to day than before war - We
Spend twice as much as in 1913

- ① Wilhelm - shipbuilding lobby
- ② Abraham - Education for Peace



Yemeh thought in the Account Wall



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It is well that we have an annual Armistice Day to cause us to remember. This is especially important in view of the fact that a new generation is growing up which actually did not know the war. Young men and women who are twenty-one years old at the present time were only six years of age when the World War broke out. They can have no real understanding of what war is. They are likely to fall prey to that same romantic spell of war to which all life-loving and adventure-loving young people of all times have succumbed. And because they are young and idealistic and inexperienced in the cynical ways of the world they may be most easily victimized by the clever political charlatans who incite youth to war with heroic slogans and appeals to patriotism and love of country.

It is easier by far to arouse a war spirit among young people than among older people. The scheming war makers of all countries know this and they therefore bide their time until a new generation has grown up, which did not go through the horrors of war, before they drag their country into a fresh war.

It is these young men and women of our day who must be educated in the true nature and character of war. They must be taught systematically and continuously that the causes of war are in almost every instance not high ideals but damnably selfish greed; that the nature of war is not glamorous but unspeakably mean and beastly and that the consequences of war are not victory but defeat, economic and moral, for all concerned - victor and vanquished alike.

This last war produced the first honest literature about war. The tragedy was too vast and overwhelming for the true artist to write sentimentally or romantically about it. I would place in the hands of every high school and college boy and girl one of the great, sad and disillusioning

war classics of our period, that they may come to eschew the idea of war as something ugly and primitive and degrading. Let our youth read Barbusse's "Under Fire," Latsko's "Men In War," Zweig's "The Case of Sergeant Grischa,," Remarque's "All Quiet on the Western Front," Shertiff's "Journey's End," Anderson's and Stallings', "What Price Glory?" that they may know the utter cruelty, stupidity and moral bankruptcy of war.

